

THE AKRON DEMOCRAT

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TO TELEPHONE THE DEMOCRAT CALL No. 130



TUESDAY, JAN. 14, 1902.

MR. H. C. CORSON.

Akron will greatly miss Mr. H. C. Corson, who, in leaving this city today, permanently removes from the town for whose people and institutions he has done so much.

Never more numerous throughout the country than this year, all of which indicates that the Democratic party is as full of vitality as ever.

New Jersey has just paid the last dollar on its debt created for expenses incident to the War of the Rebellion.

A circuit court of Kentucky and the highest court of the state have both decided that a parsonage not used by the parson of the church to which it belongs is subject to taxation.

Since the British government is on the verge of resorting to conscription to provide men for the South African conquest, there is likely to be a falling off of the popularity of the war in some quarters of the empire.

Canton's Street Department is already preparing to give the streets a thorough cleaning when the spring thaw comes.

Wisely and Otherwise. Peanuts for good squirrels. All the same, it is not next summer.

THE LIVER IS SELDOM HEALTHY While coffee is the daily drink. Doctors Recommend Postum.

Those Pittsburgh sports would probably not regard "Buck" Washer as a joke if they saw him work out in the diamond.

To be Jackson's career as a lecturer seems to have been confined to one short season. He should at least make a farewell tour.

David Nation no doubt has seen his mistake by this time. When he dropped Carrie the newspapers dropped him.

"Use plain arithmetic," remarked Judge Kohler, Monday, when an attorney called off the number of a case in telephone fashion.

But don't give the driver too many alms out of the black bottle—especially if the road is rough, the sleigh narrow, or the leaders skittish.

The record of the City Commissioners for Monday showed that the minutes of the previous meeting had been approved.

Captain Robert Gullett isn't out after any of the prizes, as a manipulator of typewriters, as yet, but he thinks of the future and looks wise.

The fact that Mayor W. B. Doyle was late Monday morning will not, of necessity, cause another ultimatum to be issued, nor will a manifesto be promulgated.

Akron had the spectacle recently of an intoxicated man climbing into the patrol wagon and arresting himself.

The fact that Chief Durkin smokes a pipe of German fashion and curved stem, is not to be taken as an indication that he is at all Teutonic in sympathy.

And the red apple hangeth suspended by a string, for the swain and the blushing maid to snap at, to the great merriment of those assembled.

And even with reference to the installation of the Northern Ohio Traction Co., Canton didn't have 'em until long after Akron.

The letters written by the Duke of Manchester to Miss Portia Knight might be brought out in book form and sold under the title of "Love Letters of a Duke."

"No, my son, there are not a great many more stars in the heavens at this particular time than at others.

If Columbus don't want that money over the acceptance of which his people are squabbling in a way to make Mr. Carnegie sigh—why, Akron can find plenty of uses for it.

The "bear" idea of all those animals being confined at Silver Lake, and the constant possibility of their escaping, is said to cause the more timid inhabitants of Stow to shiver.

Some of these days a bucket shop may be discovered in Akron, if for nothing else than to keep the admonition to go after them from becoming a joke.

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The announcement that the new Secretary of the Treasury neither smokes, chews, drinks nor sweats is not so extraordinary. Who ever said he did?

The liverman gazes on the snow and chuckles, while the love torn youth, with unfulfilled obligations, and a pocket book suffering from a holiday crimp, sighs moodily, and turns his collar inside out.

Hot bricks may not be very restful to tired feet, on an August afternoon, when the bricks are in a pavement, but hot bricks are recognized as "the goods," when in the bottom of a bob sled in January.

While the ladies of Lexington are protesting against "Uncle Tom's Cabin," they are awakening a new interest in that ancient play which will profit the companies producing it both North and South.

Papa Zimmerman's thoughts will be

worth not only one but a whole slew of pennies if he is called on to back the Duke of Manchester in the settling up of that breach of promise compromise.

The enterprise of Walt Hostetler, editor of the Doylestown Journal, is quite decidedly metropolitan. The following, picture and all, is credited to his paper:

He came to the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Pursell as above stated. The genial dentist is quite pleased over the new arrival, but says she would have been fully as acceptable had she been a boy. But she wasn't.

merly lived in Akron, having for many years been in the employ of the Werner Company.

It might be added that Dr. Pursell formerly lived in Akron, having for many years been in the employ of the Werner Company.

DE WET. Ho! sing me a song, both deep and strong.

Like the thunder of hoofs as they roll along; Let the music ride with a swinging stride.

Like the gallop of steeds in their strength and pride. When they reach at their bridles and foam and fret;

For I sing of a rider—De Wet,—De Wet. Through the black, still night comes a stamp and beat.

And the dark is a-clatter with horses' feet. With the rattle of arms as they wheel and pass.

And the dull, deep thud: across the grass. Who rides by night, when the moon is set?

And the night-owl answers, "De Wet,—De Wet." His home is the free veldt's open face.

His roof is the azure of endless space. He sleeps where he loosens his saddle girth.

And his only bed is the good red earth. Such a leader of men we ne'er have met.

And he fights for freedom. De Wet,—De Wet. Full many a time we have held him fast.

And have vainly boasted him caught at last. We have ringed him round with a ridge of steel.

And have dreamed he was lying beneath our heel; But the lion was strong, and had torn his net.

And was out in the open, De Wet,—De Wet. He strikes us here, with his troop, today.

And, tomorrow, a hundred miles away. He sweeps, a wolf, o'er the open veldt, And he carries death in his cartridge belt.

He has sworn an oath we shall pay for the debt; And in death he will keep it, De Wet, De Wet.

His name is a word we have learned to fear. When the clouds are thick and the night is drear.

When the rain beats hard on the sodden sward, And the wild beasts couch, and the wind's abroad.

When the starless sky is as black as jet, Then he rides on his errand, De Wet,—De Wet.

In the dead of the night, when the camp's asleep, Though the sentinels guard, and the rocks are steep.

There's a shot in the dark,—there's a sudden cry, And the men rush out from their tents to die.

Who strikes by night, when the moon is set? And the dead make answer, "De Wet,—De Wet."

BERTRAND SHADWELL. One of the professors of DePauw University, at Greencastle, Ind., gives the following definition of what the latter-day college graduate is pleased to call a "stunt":

"A stunt or stent or stint is a certain task set to be done; one does

stunts" when he performs certain feats which he proposes to himself. From this original meaning comes a wider meaning, from which the idea of a task or certain amount of work to be done is omitted.

Any sort of work may then be called a stunt. This expression is highly colloquial, but is not improper. We first heard of it several years ago from Yale University students.

This seems to be all right, except that Buchtel college graduates claim the honor of discovering the term.



Miss Sophie Bonham, Vice-president Chicago Pros and Cons Club, Tells How She Escaped a Fearful Operation for Womb Trouble, by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that words are but feeble to express a heart's gratitude, when there is so much to be thankful for as I have. I suffered with womb trouble for five years, and our family physician said an operation was needed; but I dreaded it, and reading of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound one day I decided to give it a trial first.

To my great joy I found that after four months' treatment I was strong and well; I experienced no pain or trouble, and the Compound built up my entire system. I shall always bless the day I started to take your medicine; it proved my greatest good."

—MISS SOPHIE BONHAM, 281 Oak St., Chicago, Ill. \$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE. When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

HELD By Officers While He Tries to Settle With Banks. Kansas City, Jan. 14.—J. H. Wither, president of the American National bank of Beaumont, Tex., until recently, is at the Midland hotel in the custody of a marshal, who placed him under arrest last Saturday upon a charge of the forgery of about \$20,000 worth of notes and \$9,000 worth of stock of First National bank of Howe.

His arrest here was upon a warrant issued by the United States Commissioner in Beaumont. The arrest has been kept secret because Wither has been trying to adjust the matters at Beaumont by telegraph.

Lovers' Lane Makes Women True. Lovers' Lane, a money winner.

FOUTZ PAID THE PENALTY. Ohio Soldier Executed For Murder of a Girl. Washington, Jan. 14.—The War department has been advised of the execution of Phineas Foutz, late corporal of Company K, Nineteenth infantry, at Cebu, Philippine Islands, on the morning of Jan. 3, 1902.

Foutz was convicted of the wilful murder of a native girl in the Philippine Islands on Nov. 15, 1900, and was sentenced to be hanged, but escaped from the custody of the military. He was executed immediately after his recapture. Foutz's home was in Zanesville, O.

It is a blessing to our community to have such a play as Lovers' Lane. —Rev. Thos. H. Shil, St. Chrysostom's Chapel, New York.

TOUR OF CUBA. The Illinois Central Railroad have arranged to run an excursion to Cuba via New Orleans and the Morgan Steamship line to Havana. Will leave Chicago and Cincinnati January 30th, 1902, and on the return reach Chicago and Cincinnati on February 11th, 1902. A delightful voyage across the Gulf of Mexico, a six days stay on the Island of Cuba, and a visit to Havana, Matanzas, the Valley of Yumurt, the Caves of Bell a Mar and other interesting points. Tour under the escort of the American Tourist Association. Rates from Chicago and Cincinnati, \$155.00 for the round trip, which includes all expenses everywhere. Address F. W. Harlow, Division Passenger Agent Illinois Central Railroad, No. 423 Vine st., Cincinnati, O.

Lovers' Lane—Too Good to Miss, Tonight at Opera House.

NOTICE TO ATTORNEYS. Attorneys are hereby notified to be ready to try cases now posted upon their assignment, in their order. Several cases are likely to go off by settlement or otherwise, and parties must be on hand with their witnesses. Otherwise cases will be disposed of by the Court.

E. A. HERSHEY, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. By order of the Court. Lovers' Lane, the Blue Ribbon Play, at Opera House Tonight. Lovers' Lane is Mirth Inspiring. See It at Opera House Tonight.

HERE'S A CITIZEN

Who Kicks on the Street Car Kicker.

To the Editor of the Democrat: I have no sympathy whatever with many silly and unreasonable complaints made against the local electric railway company.

The fact is you cannot please everybody. Get on a street car and you will perhaps hear some of the passengers complain that the car is cold, others that it is too hot, some complain that the car is not sufficiently ventilated, others want all the transoms closed, and so they go. Please everybody! Impossible! I say it with all reverence, God himself cannot do it; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too wet, and if they could they would bring him before the bar of some poor, petty earthly judge to answer their silly complaints.

And again when anyone is injured or killed by the cars, the conductor or motorman or both are usually censured, when almost invariably the victim is at fault. I doubt if a conductor or motorman could be found who would not risk his own life to save that of one endangered. Another fact, there are people of boorish manners, who look upon the car men as their inferiors and that they have no right to resent insults offered them. I have been using the street cars for 20 years and have never had cause to complain of a conductor, have found them courteous and obliging.

If passengers will pay their fare and behave themselves conductors will treat them right, they will have no occasion to do otherwise. Complaining has become chronic; let us all with the new year resolve to stop it and we will all feel the better by so doing. SUBSCRIBER. Akron, O.

Lovers' Lane delights the children. Lovers' Lane—Absolutely pure.

MURDERED WIFE AND HER MOTHER.

Brooklyn Policeman Committed a Cowardly Crime. New York, Jan. 14.—Wm. H. Ennes, a Brooklyn policeman, shot and killed his wife and her mother, Mrs. Magee, at Mrs. Magee's home early today.

Ennes escaped. He had separated from his wife and had refused to support her and she had him arrested recently. He went to the house today and when admittance was refused him, drew his revolver and putting his shoulder to the door, burst in, ran up stairs to his wife's bedroom and fired one shot at her, which pierced her heart. Her mother, who heard the uproar, ran to Mrs. Ennes' room. Ennes fired one shot at her and fatally wounded her. He then left the house, declaring that he would kill himself.

Lovers' Lane makes old folks young. NO NIGHT SCHOOL.

Chicago Has Not the Money to Keep It Up. Chicago, Jan. 14.—Night schools that were to have been opened last evening remained closed because of the city's impoverishment. For 30 years or more night schools have been a steady institution in Chicago during the winter months. It is now a serious question if the day schools can be kept open during the regular ten months. The postponement of opening the night schools is taken to mean absolute abandonment of them for the season.

The average attendance nightly at the evening schools of the city last winter was 4,471. Generally about 80 evenings or sessions were given the students. About 200 teachers would have been engaged in helping the boys and girls of Chicago who cannot attend day school.

IOWA FARMS \$4,750. CASH BALANCE \$1,000. Lovers' Lane, best of rural plays.

LAMPRECHT BROS. & CO. BANKERS.

MEMBERS New York Stock Exchange Chicago Stock Exchange CINC. GO. BOARD OF TRADES Cleveland Stock Exchange Detroit Stock Exchange. AKRON OFFICE 216 and 218 Hamilton Building CLAIR APF. Mgr. Local Stocks Bought and Sold Both Phones 447.